HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 5, 1888.

NO. 49.

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Syrup of Figs

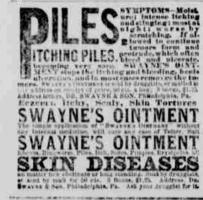
Syrup of Figs CALIFORMA VIG SYRUP CO.

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SMALL BROS., 109 E. MAIN STREET, OWENSBORO.

In list little dark antercom. Mr. Biskle can his list little cark antercom. Mr. Notes and Bills. To a dimension of the proper cultivation of massel and not untercomental presents. Stamped Linen Scarfs, and then open again very wide as his head drops forward with a present set and the little cark antercom. Mr. Stamped Linen Tray Covers, Splashers, Towels, Lace and Antique Bed Sets, Gold and Silver Handle Umbrellas for Ladies and Gents, Silk and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Silk and Cashmere Mufflers.

SMALL BROS., 109 E. MAIN STREET, OWENSBORO.

the middle States a bappy family. The lean skies unflecked of cross, I cannot members did not revel in affluence or succumb to the pinching hand of want.

They were frugal, generous and hospitable. Their home was one of those added not take too contracted a view of sweet spots where wise men and women if for it has its tragedies and the light of day.

The middle States a bappy family. The lean skies unflecked of cross, I cannot allow a logies on her wealth of mind. Onward she marched, upward she climbed, splenture wide and strictly legal auburn whisker proclaim the rising young man.

"Ton, the judge wants you. Put on your coat; there's a swell client inside."

Mr. Blake makes the suggested addition to the rather sketchy attire which the light of day.

In reviewing the past and calling up

fields of literature, plucking many a beauteous flower, descended the mines of philosophy and excavated many a gem of purest ray; climbed the mountain heights with poets and historians, and surveyed the landscapes of the world. Her eyes were dark and possessed a bewitching sparkle; and in her moments of deep thought, when she rose to the greatness of her theme, she became illumed and seemed to cast an

halo around the room. She was swift in utterance, possess a poetic temperament and felt joy and sorrow keenly and inexpressibly. When one frowned, she felt the pang; when antent Feyer, and all Malarial Affections. Put other smiled, she felt the touch of summer in her soul.

gentleman of prepossessing appearance; the brightness of his intellect, the richness of his mind, the charm and grace of conversation, the power and elegance of his manners coupled with other gifts and graces, made him shine in society. He was a member of the medical fraternity. Mary and George became devotedly attached to each other, and the more they communed and conversed, sentiment began to bud and blossom in-

to rosy life. Often in their interviews they would be so absorbed as fell exhausted. tonished at the relations of mine own temperance.

nature."

BANKER AND BROKER Mary, not so Optimistic as George, re-plied: "Your remarks are true, but cut and chiscled by the lapidary, and Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Potroleum and Potroleum scalamity may occur and leave all our calamity may occur and leave all our images clay and our idols dust. We p. s. Sens for ExplanatoryPamphlet. Exp should avoid the extremes of life, find mature was rarely ever stirred. She

LIFE DIMMED BUT NOT EXTIN- the middle grounds between Optimism made her home in a new country, a of sculls, which propel him along. and Pessimism, and remember the land of rivers and creeks, mountains

She had positively declared again and nies, and life at last will rise up in grand is in a good humor.

"Mr. Vanvoorst, let me introduce Mr. along below them, and the horse, only too who loved to quaff a deadly chemical product that diseased the brain and peopled the heart with the snakes and most intimate friends. Her love for him and Milwaukee depot yesterday. grew into adoration, and when in his presence, she reveled in visions of cesta- inspection. "That's a confidence man's The time to be married was near check. How much did you let him at hand, and her friends congratulated have?" her. . But ere she took the fatal leap, the tidings were revealed of the intemperance and dissipation of George. They Didn't you ever read of their games?" came from such a source so as to admit of no dispute. Skillfully had he concealed his love for the wine-cup. Mary exclaimed frantically tossing her arms wildly, the fires of her soul dashing in her eyes: "Is it possible that George look at this." can deceive me and do a thing that cruel and unkind! My heart is crushed gether with a piece of man's ear. with the burden of despair, and my life is shadowed by an ominous cloud! Oh, he held out a roll of money. deeper became the attachment, until adrip with blood wrung from human mean?" asked the officer, hearts, what lives thou hast rained, and "I'm the man that was swindled. This

to be unconscious of surroundings. George came shortly and in a man-nection? Closely observe my left eye. Minutes would passand no voice would ner strangely pathetic, she related her See any squash in there? Feel of my break the golden silence. The silence, grief as only woman can. With tear- head. Any soft spots anywhere around? the dreamy leveliness of eye, the glow- ful eyes and quivering lips she address. Tra-la, old boy, and not to weep for ing witchery of cheek, betokened an in- ed him thus: "Notwithstanding your yours truly!" ner euchantment of soul too rapturous presence is joy to me, and I love you to be depicted. This feeling kept grow- with all the ardor and rapture of a first I haven't the courage to die sir, ing until it ripened into love. George love, yet I cannot give my hand and Can't drink enogh to fo get sir. on one occasion said: "Mary, your heart to one who loves the wine-cup. And Christian enough to forgive, favor is my life, my joy, my heaven!" This is a calamity that crushes me in the This was the wail of a man who had The tone of voice, the luster of the eye, dust, and heaven knows I am ready to endured the tortures of "liver comkindled visions which love alone can do, sink into my grave, for there, no hearts plaint" and dyspepsia for years; and he in the soul of Mary. And in strains of can break, and no distressing sounds might have endured them for life, had joy, woven into the music of eloquence, will ever rend the stained and leaden he not heard that Dr. Pierce's Golden she exclaimed: "Oh, happy day to re- air! This world is naught to me. I am Medical Discovery would make him a ceive such a compliment. I too have felt sick and faint. George! George!! Will well man. He gave it a trial and was a strange attraction that peoples my in- you not now and forever abandon the cured. Once he was hollow-eyed, emaner life with high and holy thoughts. I cup of flame? Must these visions that ciated, and slowly tottering toward the have looked in vain among the cold sparkled so beauteously in my sky, turn tomb; but now he is vigorous, robust worshippers of fashion for one touch of out to be bitter memories, only to mock and healthy. There is nothing that can joy, one beam of love; I have visited me in my isolation and solitude? Must compare with the "Discovery" as a cuthe halls of merriment, and they were my life be blighted and I become like a rative agent for sour stomach, constipato me cold as marble. I have wander- stray waif on the stormy sea of time? tion impure blood and billiousness. ed here and there, defying all to touch Heaven pity me!" George wept. The The worst cases of chronic Nasal Cathis nature of mine and arouse its fac- tears rolled down his cheeks, but alas! tarth positively and permanently cured ulties into a symphony of love; not un- the wine-cup had bound him to a rock. by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. til we met, were the fountains of my He did not reform and in course of sevsoul broken up, and even now I am as- eral months, he died a victim of in-

"I thank you," responded George, "for nificent palace, grand even in its ruins. such candid expressions and for the The brilliant orb was quenched, the feeling so lovingly reciprocated, and I light went out in darkness. But though fervently hope these feelings will ne'er this calamity dimmed the life of Mary, be chilled, or lightning blight fall in it could not extinguish the flame burnthe garden of our hearts' Paradise. I can see before us a life of peace and knew the myrrh must be incensed and nothing to disturb the tranquillity of crushed before it sent forth its immortal fragrance and that even diamonds Mary, not so Optimistic as George, re- were made to flash forth stars only when human life has many changes, and that even out of the mill of sorrow could while there is no sign of a cloud of pass characters of diamond brilliancy. trouble and the future promises to be She plunged into the arena of education culty of breathing. serene, yet we know not what unforeseen and essayed to climb the heights of honor

Some years ago, there lived in one of responded George, "such soft, ceruthe middle States a bappy family. The lean skies unflecked of cloud, I cannot members did not revel in affluence or be otherwise than Optimistic."

"With such prospects now before us, won distinction as an educator, essayist, and the secular papers indulged in uelogies on her wealth of mind. Onward face and strictly legal authorn whisker succumb to the pinching hand of want.

They were frugal, generous and hospit-ture widened out and all curtains lifted; she marched, upward she climbed, splendid things beckening from the horizon

Saw The Connection.

"Is that check good for anything?" wolves of lust. But George quaffed asked a passenger off the Lake Shore generously, but all unknown to his road of the policeman at the Detroit "No, sir," replied the officer, after an

"Well, you have been swindled. "Lots of times."

"And yet you were roped in?" "Yes."

"I can't help you any." "I don't want you to. I want you to He handed the officer a parcel which,

stabs the vitals of my soul, and leaves upon being opened, was found to conall my nerves bleeding, quivering and tain a large bunch of human hair which exposed? I never dreamed of aught so had been pulled out by the roots, to-"And count this," added the man, as

then fool and damned spectre of wine, "Here are \$79, and what does it all

homes thou hast wrecked!" and then truck belonged to the chap who thought he had caught a sucker. See the con-

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A Slight Misunderstanding.

By E. B. W. [Copyright].

It is the bottest kind of a July day, and the place is a remarkably dingy New York law office. Two or three blocks away Trinity is chiming 3, but the roar of Broadway drowns that. The exceeding sultrivess of the air and the shrill chant of 'second Pest' which comes up from the seething street, tell that mid afternoon has arrived. The office boy has sunk peacefully off into slumber in his little dark antercore.

disbanded, the long four oar is drying out in the boat Louse, and when Mr. Binke goes on the Hariem it is between a pair

thought of Horace, whoever is fond of the golden medium is serene."

"With such prospects now before us,"

and of rivers and creeks, mountains but not slow. This is all very well, but not to be compared to the rush of contending crews. His occupation gone, and the town descried, he is beginning to

sweet spots where wise men and women loved to visit, and literary stars sipfrom cups of amber the nectar of delight. In all ages of the world, 
we find the great and noble require, the bash of the great and noble require, the same and the breacht star of the light of day.

In reviewing the past and calling up to the world the same world great state of the same

Biake—one of our young gentlemen, sir," says the Judge, with a flourish. Mr. Vansays the judge, with a flourish. Mr. Van-voorst and Tom murmur their delight at meeting, and the latter, taking a seat at his master gets him back into the road, the invitation of his superior, looks to see what manner of man the client is. on examination he appears to be a young man of 25 or 26, of an inoffensive blonde type, and with no indications of either great physical or mental vigor, and his ciothes evidently are from an English tailor. Is it necessary to add that they do not fit? But the London clothes and

hiberation I have decided, sir, to call on you for assistance in a matter which requires extreme delicacy and tact, sir, and it is a knowledge of the fact that you, sir, are a frequenter of that fashionable society which, however deteriorating in some of its phases, nevertheless imparts a certain tact and ease which the nicest a certain tact and ease which the nicest a hackground of trees and sky. They

The judge continues:

"I will, without further preface, put you in possession of the facts as Mr. Vanvoorst has apprised me of them. You are aware that the cider Mr. Vanvoorst as long been a much respected client of mine, though since his retiring from busilittle of him. It appears that in the early part of this summer—correct me if I am wrong, Mr. Vanvoorst—yes, sir—during a visit to Cape May, the elder Mr. Vanvoorst met a widow lady named—a—let me see—'m'm—John Brady"—reading from a silp of paper before him—"Ann McGuire—bless my soul! that can't be—oh, I see,"—And all of the summer—of military heroes flit the control of the load of the right stream. Good-by for a while," and Mrs. Vanvoors goes out of the room, soon followed by her husband, whom stern duty, calls; for heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently the Vanvoorsts on the night. Sounds of Strauss are heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently the Vanvoorst on the night form to be safely of the room, soon followed by her husband, whom stern duty, calls; for heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently the Vanvoorsts on the night form to be safely of the room, soon followed by her husband, whom stern duty, calls; for heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently the Vanvoorsts on the night form to be safely of the room, soon followed by her husband, whom stern duty, calls; for heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently the Vanvoorsts on the night form of the nose, sends the butter a lot of people to dinner—some people who live around here and a lot more up from the Folit."

Visions of military heroes flit the control of the load of the room, soon followed by her husband, whom stern duty, calls; for heard, dancing forms go sliding past the windows—evidently her heard staken a fancy to Blake and is loth to leave him. But he cars himself away and Blake finishes the claret, and, not caring to wander among the revelers in the front of the house, sends the butter of the load of the room, and finishes the claret has a fancy to Blake and is loth to leave him. But he cars himself away and Blake finishes the claret, and the carrier of the load of the room of th

into detail. I may say that this person has succeeded in completely infatuating Mr. Vanvoorst, who has been for many years place to place, and she is now actually visiting at his residence, where she un-doubtedly means to establish herself per-manently as Mrs. Vanvoorst."

The younger Vanvoorst interrupts:
"Yes, by George; I was half afraid to
leave the old gentleman alone this morning, for fear she'd marry him before I got
back." The judge does not like to be inter-

rupted, and he grows a trifle pink again.

After a reproachful pause he resumes:

"It is, of course, most annoying to
Mr. Vanvoorst's family that such a state
me. of things should exist—that their father should be thus at the mercy of a person who is an unprincipled adventuress—for such Mrs. Mackenzie undoubtedly is." "I beg pardon," puts in Blake, "but is Mr. Vanvoorst so far gone that he is not particular about the lady's antecedents?"
"Won't believe anything we say to

terday for calling her on adventuress. "Have you no proofs to show?"
"That is exactly why you are called on,
Mr. Blake," says the judge. "There is
nothing to be said against Mrs. Macken
zo as actual fact; but we are not uncer-

within the pale of fashionable dissipation, might be able to ascertain something of the previous history of this lady more easily than I or more easily than Mr. Vancourst here, who is already, he tells me, an object of suspicion in Mrs. Mack-engice every



Blake looks rather disgusted. n't Pinkerton's men do it better than any "But, my good sir, it is not in that ca-pacity that I desire you to act. You go to Mr. Vanvoorst's house as the guest of his son, and we trust merely to that dis-cernment of which I have seen indica-tions, sir, in you, to decide whether mat-ters must be allowed to take their course, or whether an investigation by detectives would be an advisible measure." would be an advisible measure."
So the strife goes on, the judge deliver-

ing a succession of brief orations, Blake growling his objections, and Vanvoorst

growling his objections, and Vanvoorst grinning encouragement, and occasionally putting in his little oar to more or less purpose—generally less. At length, the judge having become very pink and emphatic, and Vanvoorst having invited his new acquaintance to visit him with an earnestness which is almost pathetic, our young friend swallows his scruples and consents to go on what he asserts to be a wild goose chase.

"Well, anyhow, Mr. Blake, we'll try to make it pleasant for you over Sunday, You can meet me on the 6 o'clock train at Forty-second street?" says Vanvoorst, who certainly does not procrastinate.

The 6 o'clock train up the river carries the two young men swiftly along until, in the late twilight, they descend at a lonely little station, far enough from New York to be out of the way of commuters, and the consequent eligible villa.

when they have climbed to the level, unite to raise Vanvoorst in the opinion of his companion, who is beginning to quake at the near approach of his troubles. Still,

his philosophy comes to the rescue, and looking only at the present, he thinks it is certainly better to be thus bowling along a good road through the summer night than to be in New York—better even than hearing Thomas' men scraping away at "Amaryllis," in an atmosphere thing much better, is at least satisfied, though not lest in admiration, and thus gives the judge all the better attention as he says:

"Mr. Vanvoorst has come to me, sir, upon business of a peculiarly confidential and private nature, and after mature deliberation I have decided, sir, to call on you for a sistance in a matter which requires extreme dellarge.

some of its phases, nevertheless imparts a certain tact and ease which the nicest intellectual culture too often fails to—a—yes, sir."

Mr. Blake, utterly in the dark, murmurs, "You're very good, I'm sure." Mr. much scattering of small stones, and yet great reluctance on the part of the house. The house presents a row of brilliantly lighted windows, opening on a wide plazza, and sending their light stream

the lighted drawing room and siezes vanvoorst with an air of proprietorship. Tom
has been made aware that the reason
Vanvoorst junior is unmolested by the
destructive widow is because he is already
married; so he is quite prepared to be
presented to Mrs. Vanvoorst. He is not,
however, prepared to see two acquainthed, and an astonished "Why. Mr.
"The other bursts upon him all and, through a near door, a bewilder

over a low brow, and white, full arms and shoulders, the whole swimming in a sen of paie green. Blake, who is anything but nervous—whose heart hardly gains a throb in that awful moment when, gripping his oar handle, he walts between the "Ready!" and the "Go!"
--feels his face flush, and draws his breath hard a moment, but only for a mo-ment. "Mrs. Mackenzie, let me present Mr. Blake."

'Mr Blake and I have met before, I 'Air Blake and I have met before I think," says the beauty, and puts out a ready hand, cordially enough. "And Mr Blake is charmed to have the pleasure again," says the young man, quite self possessed now. Mrs. Mackentie and he take stock of one another; the Vanvoorsts tain that inquiry might develop some again." says the young man, quite self thing which would startle Mr. Vanvoorst out of his infatuation. It has occurred to me that you, with your large circle of acquaintance, and living, as I am sorry to hear you do, however well it suits our present purposes, a life which draws you

escort's arm and comes up with the pleasantest possible smile.
"Here is another surprise for you, Ma

"Here is another surprise for you, Mr. Blake. What clend did you fall from?" Then, a trifle lower but very frankly, "I'm awfully glad to see you." And she gives Mr. Blake's brown paw a little pinch, which no man in his senses would dare to think a squeeze. She is honest in what she says; she really is glad to see the young man. She is fond of the society of men, and men like to talk to her. Kate Stuart is not a flirt; she is simply cordial and unaffectedly easy with every one; but hardly any man can help fancying, as he talks to her, that she really rather prefers him to the majority of people. Some fers him to the majority of people. Some men have possibly been conceited enough to get themselves in love with the little lady; but is that her fault? She honestly does not like to be annoyed by sentimen-tal boys, and our friend Blake is an im-mense favorite of hers because he have tal boys, and our friend Blake is an immease favorite of hers because he has carefully kept in the background what little sentiment there is in his composition, and has always been perfectly frunk and simple with her. And to tell the truth, Tom likes her just a little better than any one else he knows, but keeps a tight rein on himself. For Miss Stuart is, as he thinks, "too large game" for him. She is the only daughter of an o'd gentleman well known and much respected in the vicinity of Wall and Broad streets, and she would undoubtedly be a very good speculation for Mr. Blake, whose financial abilities are principally in the line of lation for Mr. Blake, whose financial abilities are principally in the line of getting credit, and whose law practice does not pay his office rent. But strange as it may seem in these days, Blake has a kind of an idea that he would be as uncomfortable in marrying money as he would be in marrying poverty; so whenever he thinks of the subject at all, he

ever he thinks of the subject at all, he puts it by with a shrug of the shoulder and says, "It's too expensive."

So he is pleased to see the little girl now, and says so. Then the old gentleman, whose happiness he has come to destroy, appears on the scene, and welcomes him with a cordiality that makes him feel like a pickpocket; and after a little sweet converse about the weather and the dust, and other interesting topics, the arrivals are allowed to make themselves a little comfortable, and are served with dinner in a big dining room where about twenty people have dined an hour or so before. Blake has begged off from joining in the festivities of the evening, but Vanvoorst appears in full dress, which he has assumed, with much grumbling, at the command of his wife. That lady leaves her guests for a moment, having been her guests for a moment, having been told Blake's errand, and comes into the dining room after the young men have somewhat appeased their hunger.

"Well, Mr. Blake, you are evidently better prepared to tell us who Mrs. Mac-kenzie is than you expected," says the impatient Mrs. Vanvoorst, as soon as the absence of the servant permits.

impatient airs. Vanyoorst, as soon as the absence of the servant permits.

"Yes," answers Biake very deliberately;
"I fancy I may as well be driven back to the station, and take the late train

"Why, really, when I tell you what little there is to tell about Mrs. Mackenzie, you will agree with me that there is nothing to be done-nothing at least that I can do."
"Who is she?"

"She used to be Miss Mabury-Laura "She used to be Miss Mabury—Laura Mabury—lived somewhere down in Pennsylvania, where I used to know her," says Mr. Blake, with a piece of a bird on his fork, to which piece of bird he apparently niters these confidences, "Southern family. Very great belle, and quite well known in Laltimore, and also quite well known in l'attimore, and kno in Philadelphia. Infernally stupid of me not to remember her married name-really, though, I had quite forgotten it. Think the man was a navy man—didn't

know he was dead before."
"Is—is she all right?" asks Vanvoorst, with his mouth full.

Blake laughs in an ugly kind way "Serry to disappoint you, but really don't know anything against her; used to be rather unimated, I must say; but per-

"Oh, housense, says vanvoorst; and his wife procests also: "You really must not think of leaving us in that way—it would be treating us badly. We have not so many people staying here that we can afford to let you off so easily."
"But, Mrs. Vanvoorst, remember that I am here entirely on business—as a sort

fraud for me to remain as a guest."

Not at all; you can assume the character very aicely. I'm sure; and then, with a laugh and turning to leave the room, "you may find something to do

"Possibly Mrs. Mackenzie will resume the flirtation which Miss Mabury undoubtedly began at some past period. Good-by for a while," and Mrs. Vanvoorst me see—'m'm—John Brady"—reading from a slip of paper before him—"Ann McGuire—bless my soul! that can't be—oh, I see." And the judge changes the paper in his hand for another, explaining with much action that he has made a mistake. The top of his head is a little piak, but he goes on:

"Mrs. Mackenzie—yes, sir—a person of fine personal appearance and insimuating address, and if I may judge from description, not destitute of intellectual charms. Without entering into detail, I may say that this person has about all Blake makes out, before a small tripping up and overturning. This is an hour, telling him about the people about all Blake makes out, before a small brunette, decidedly pretty, comes out of the lighted drawing room and siezes Vantage in a respecting in acquaintance with the

"from the Point," leaving Blake in somewhat better spirits, and with a more extended knowledge of the people of the house, also compalling him to struggle against the idea—present when ever he talks to Mas Stuart—that also regards kim as a little pleasanter than any other man And having conquered this notion, he braces himself up to en-counter the whlow For from what he

counter the water for from what he knows of her, he is pretty sure that she will take the initiative

On this occasion she is certainly in no hurry Blake finishes his eigar, declines to avail himself of the billiard room, declines to go to bed—both which forms of enterprise are of several blue by Yan of entertainment are offered blin by Van voorst, who appears at intervals; finally after hearly nothing his head off lecomes unconscious for a brief space. Waking up, he finds that it is bull on hour past saldnight, and that some of the people are beginning to drive off. Still, he light another clear and leans against one [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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